The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
Thus both are gone with conſcience and remorſe,
They could not ſpeake and ſo I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloudie king. *Enter Ki. Rich.*
And here he comes, all haile my ſoueraigne liege.
King. Kind Tirrell am I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then.
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle Tirrell?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them.
But how or in what place I do not know.
Tir. Come to me Tirrell ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good.
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrahams boſome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I go a iollie thriuing wooer. *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
Cateſ. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond.
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power increaſeth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied armie:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitour to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-paſt beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing, Ioues

Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a
Come muſter men, my counſaile
We muſt be briefe when traitors
Enter Queene Marg
Q. Mar. So now proſperitie be
And drop into the rotten mouth
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue
To watch the waining of mine a
A dire induction am I witneſſe t
And will to France, hoping the
Will prooue as bitter, blacke and
Withdraw thee wretched Marga
Enter the Qu. and the
Qu. Ah my young princes, ah
My vnblowne flowers, new appe
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in th
And be not fixt in doome perpet
Houer about me with your aierie
And heare your mothers lament
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, ſa
Hath dimd your infant morne, to
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flie fr
And throw them in the intrailes o
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuc
Qu. Mar. When holie *Harry* d
Duch. Blind ſight, dead life, poo
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, grau
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawf
Vnlawfullie made drunke with in
Qu. O that thou woludſt as w
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholie
Then would I hide my bones, not
O who hath any cauſe to mourne
Duc. So many miſeries haue cra
That my woe-wearied tongue is n
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou
Q. Mar. If auncient ſorrow be
Giue mine the benefite of ſignorie

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.46)